My Parade

Bobby Long

wait for time to turn or you calling my name again
same talk with the same loose friends about calling you
staying young in my mind, in the windows that reflect the sun
left on a moving perch, singing out loudand now you're far away, and nothing will ease the pain
now trouble is on my paradecold on the bone, from a borrowed dress
and sunday morning's once more, once less
my words on a page, and they're ruined in inksee now you're far away, and nothing will ease the pain
now trouble is on my parade

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